

# All-Time Greats of INS

By BOB CONSIDINE

THIS IS AN OPEN-FACED letter to the young man—anonymous as the shady story—who wrote the obituary of International News Service in the Press section of Time magazine.

You poor guy:

You write, "On a Coronation story, editors could rely on the AP for the dimensions of the Cathedral; the UP for the mood of the ceremony, and the INS (somekimes) for an interview with the barmaid across the way." There is also a reference to "splash-and-dash journalism." That's about all.



CONSIDINE

The men and women who sat in our silenced news rooms and read that fare-well nose - thumbing felt more than anger. Many of them were seasoned at their trade when you, in all probability, were making your first little jabs at a typewriter. Their anger was tempered by a pity for you; a pity born of the sadness that one feels in the face of flippant ignorance.

For one, I thought of Floyd Gibbons going down on one of the first ships torpedoed in World War I and surviving to write a brilliant story for INS. And of Jimmy K. Gallen tracking down Samuel Insull of Greece and practically bringing him back to trial, after turning him into a kind of leg-man for INS. And Inez Robb in North Africa, and some years later in Texas City, being knocked flat by an explosion, and getting off the ground to get her story in to INS. And Davis J. Walsh who helped make sports writing a profession.

I thought of Bill Hutchinson driving the opposition nuts at the Scopes trial and getting the great wartime beats on the capture and execution of the Nazi submarine-landed saboteurs, and the decision to retain Hirohito on his throne.

I also thought of Richard Tregaskis, Jack Mahon and Bob Brumby, on Guadalcanal; of Pat Robinson in the New Guinea jungles; of Lee Van Atta, flying on so many bombing and strafing missions that MacArthur ordered him grounded. And of the incomparable H. R. Knickerbocker and irrepressible Sammy Schulman.

The memory of Pete Huss, Frank Conniff, Larry Newman, Graham Hovey, Joe Smith, Bill Hearst, Lee Car-

where proud thoughts are stored. And of Mike Chinigo, crawling to a dead German sentry's phone on the beach in Sicily, making contact with the German commander whose artillery was shelling our landing troops, and (in perfect German) ordering him to cease. . . We have driven the enemy back into the sea." (Gen. Truscott put Mike in for the DSC). And of Jimmy Young rotting in a Japanese prison, and Alfred Tyrnauer dumped into one of Hitler's death cells in Vienna for courageously writing the truth.

And of Clark Lee, who started the war with the AP on Bataan and ended it with INS in Tokyo. He and Harry Brundage of Cosmopolitan were the only reporters present when Tojo tried to kill himself. I thought, of course, of Runyon on a murder trial, or covering an execution, or describing the burning of the Moro Castle.

I thought of brave lads like Howard Handleman and Lowell Bennett, who was shot down over Berlin and not only escaped three times but got the only stories out of Germany—INS stories, my poor friend. And of Tregaskis, who never could get close enough, walking down a mountain in Italy, his busted helmet in his hand, the top of his head left somewhere up on the hill. And of Larry Meler, wounded while covering the Dieppe raid. He never recovered.

I still don't think a wonderful friend I had named Jack Singer was getting an interview with the barmaid the day the Japanese killed him. Death came to him in the wardroom of the carrier Wasp, torpedoed into a funeral pyre. A young Navy pilot who survived brought along the unfinished INS story Jack was writing and finished it for him.

There weren't any barmaids on Okinawa the day John Cashman of INS was killed in action. John had lost an arm as a serviceman, hooked on with our sports department, went back to the wars as a correspondent and died. The first reporter killed in Korea was Ray Richards, INS, who might have been home with his grandchildren. Four other INS men were killed there, too.

Someday, son, venture out of doors and ask a couple of good men like Frank Bartholomew and Alan Gould (Editor's note: Editors of UP and AP respectively) what kind of a time they used to have when they had even an undermanned team of INS reporters competing against them on a big, fast-moving story. Someday, son, if you change the ribbons on their beat-up mills.